

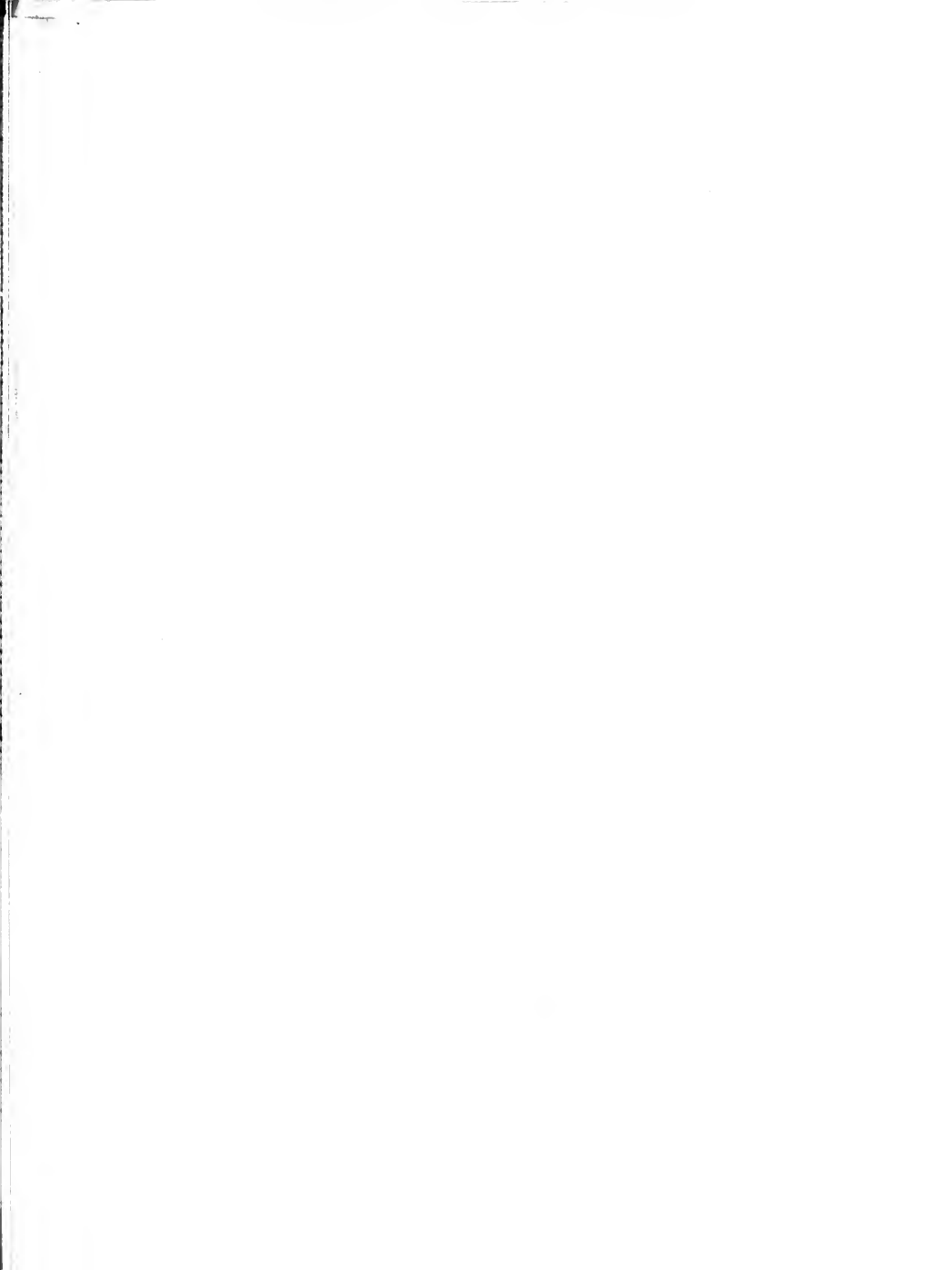
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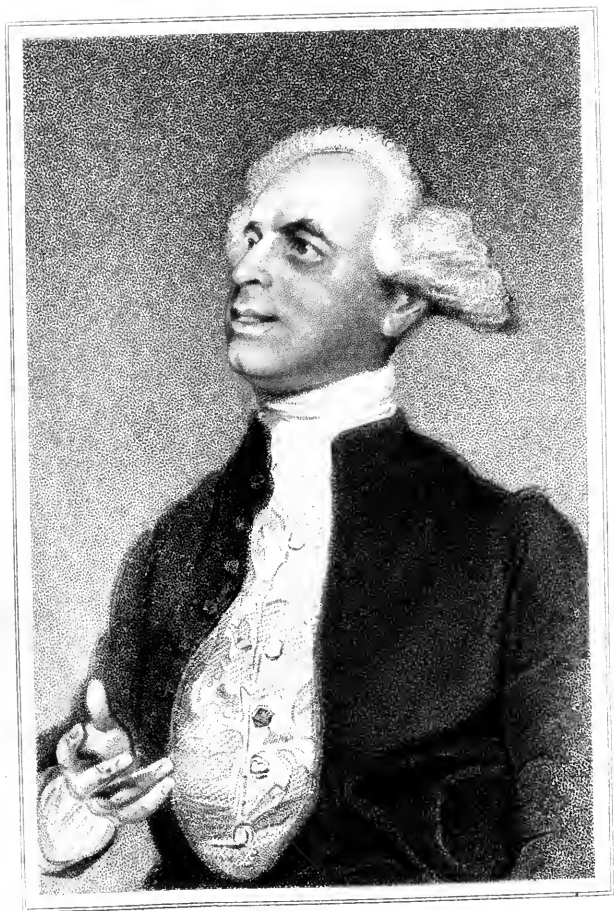
Colman, George
The review

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MR. FAWCETT,
AS CALEB QUOTEM

Engraved by R. Sage, from an original sketch by J. H. P. [illegible]

Oxberry's Edition.

**THE REVIEW;
OR, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.**

A MUSICAL FARCE,

By George Colman, Esq.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1822.

PR

4501

C3R4

From the Press of W. Oxberry,
8, White-Hart Yard.

Remarks.

THE REVIEW.

The power of a man of talent to elicit amusement from the slightest and least promising materials, is strikingly displayed by this dramatic trifle. Few pieces are more destitute of novelty in every point of view. Plot there is none. The incidents are few and trivial; and the same characters have been exhibited in the same situations, in innumerable previous instances. Suspicious guardians, intriguing wards, and blundering servants, have composed the *dramatis personæ*, of half the plays and farces produced during the last century; yet, they are here so pleasantly grouped, coloured with so happy an extravagance, and made to converse in language so pregnant with whim and drollery, that the "Review" has always been a decided favourite; and will long continue to excite the laughter of those careless mortals, who visit the theatre merely to be amused, without examining too curiously into the construction of the piece which calls forth their merriment.

The vulgar Irishman of the modern stage, is a description of character, in depicting which the author of the "Review" remarkably excels. *Looney Muctwolter* is a rich specimen of this ability; and as the author was most happy in his delineation of the part, he was equally fortunate in having it sustained by so inimitable a performer as the original representative. The stoical gravity of the mind which can remain proof against the exquisite humour of *Looney's* bulls and blunders, when played by Johnstone, is little to be coveted. The *Yorkshireman*, the *Deputy*, and the two pair of lovers, possess few shining characteristics; but the voluble *Quotem* must not be passed over in silence. This caricature (which, with many others of a similar description, seems to have owed its origin to an actor's rapidity of utter-

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ance, without having any prototype in nature,) occasioned a curious dispute between Colman and a Mr. Lee, manager of some theatres in the West of England. The particulars of the affair seem to have been as follows:—In the summer of 1798, Lee produced a musical piece at the Haymarket, called “Throw Physic to the Dogs,” which, from a combination of untoward circumstances, was coolly received, and withdrawn, though possessed of much merit. One or two traits of character it contained, were deemed worthy of preservation; and accordingly, a year or two after, Colman being required, upon an emergency, to produce a piece at a brief notice, selected the character of *Quotem* from Mr. Lee’s drama, and fitted it into his own. This freedom Lee resented; and, on the publication of the “Review,” refused to allow *his* portions of the character to be printed with the remainder. They were accordingly omitted; but will be found in the present *complete* edition.

Colman’s conduct in this transaction was certainly somewhat reprehensible. After having seized upon another man’s property in so unceremonious a manner, he might at least have acknowledged his obligation courteously; but, we have reason to believe, that he refused to admit Mr. Lee’s claim to *Quotem*, alleging that *he* had merely copied it from another character, though the piece called “Throw Physic to the Dogs” had been repeatedly played in the country, long before the farce from which the alleged piracy was made was ever heard of. It was this strange behaviour which induced Mr. Lee to prohibit the publication of the scene in question.

George Colman, the Younger,* son of the able translator and dramatist, was born in 1765; acquired the rudiments of education at Westminster School; and completed his studies at Oxford and Aberdeen. He was then entered of the Mid-

* In an advertisement prefixed to the notorious first edition of the “Iron Chest,” Colman thus states his reason for retaining this juvenile appellation:—

“Lest my father’s memory should be injured by mistakes, and, in the confusion of after-times, the translator of Terence, and the author of ‘The Jealous Wife,’ be supposed guilty of ‘The Iron Chest,’ I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself,
George Colman, the Younger.”

dle Temple; but, inheriting from his father a taste for the drama, law soon became] distasteful to him, and he slighted Coke and Blackstone, for the more attractive pages of Congreve and Shakspeare. In 1789, Colman senior's mental alienation rendering him incapable of superintending his property at the Haymarket Theatre, it fell to the charge of his son, to whom the license was subsequently transferred by his late Majesty. In 1805, Messrs. Morris and Winston were admitted sharers in the concern, which for some time enjoyed much prosperity under the joint managers; but, disputes at length arose, and after several years of litigation and loss, Colman disposed of all his property in the theatre. It is understood that he has long been involved in pecuniary difficulties—which, it is hoped, the recent gracious act of his Majesty, in appointing him Lieutenant of his Yeomen of the Guard, has in some degree contributed to remove.

His first dramatic production was a musical piece, called "Two to One," played at the Haymarket, in 1784, and well received. It was prefaced by a prologue, from the pen of his father, which concluded thus :—

With dulness should the son and sire be curst,
And dunce the second follow dunce the first;
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,
And damn him—for a chip of the old block.

This drew forth the following Epigram, addressed to our author, which appeared in the newspapers a day or two after :—

"Another writes, because his father writ,
"And proves himself a bastard by his wit."
So Young declaims; but you, by right divine,
Can claim a just, hereditary line;
By learning tutor'd, as by fancy nurst,
A George the Second sprung from George the First.

His other Dramas are :—

Turk and no Turk, *M.C.* 1785.—Inkle and Yarico, *O.* 1787.—Ways and Means, *C.* 1788.—Surrender of Calais, *P.* 1791.—Poor Old Haymarket, *Prel.* 1792.—Mountaineers, *P.* 1795.—New Hay at the Old Market, *C.D.* 1795.*—

* The Interlude, called "Sylvester Daggerwood," is taken from this piece.

Iron Chest, *P.* 1796.—Blue Beard, *M.D.* 1798.—Feudal Times, *P.* 1799.—Poor Gentleman, *C.* 1802.—No Prelude, *Prel.* 1803.—John Bull, *C.* 1805.—Who wants a Guinea? *C.* 1805.—We Fly by Night, *F.* 1806.—Battle of Hexham, *P.* 1808.—Heir at Law, *C.* 1808.—Blue Devils, *I.* 1808.—Review, *F.* 1808.—Gay Deceivers, *F.* 1808.—Africans, *P.* 1808.—Love Laughs at Locksmiths, *F.* 1808.—X. Y. Z. *F.* 1810.—Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh, *B.D.* 1811.—Doctor Hocus Pocus, *Pant.* 1814.—Actor of All-Work, *I.* 1817.

Some other pieces have been attributed to him, but upon doubtful authority.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Stage Directions.

- By R.H. is meant Right Hand.
 L.H. Left Hand.
 S.E. Second Entrance.
 U.E. Upper Entrance.
 M.D. Middle Door.
 D.F. Door in flat.
 R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
 L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD,

Regimentals.

DEPUTY BULL,

Old gentleman's brown suit.

LOONEY MACTWOLTER,

Brown coat, flowered waistcoat, and drab-coloured breeches.

JOHN LUMP,

Green plush coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches.

CALEB QUOTEM,

Black coat, white waistcoat and breeches, trimmed with black.

CHARLES WILLIAMS,

Dress of a private soldier.

SERJEANT HIGGINBOTHAM,

Ditto of a sergeant.

DUBBS,

Brown jacket and breeches, apron, and sleeves.

GRACE GAYLOVE,

Neat quaker's dress.

LUCY,

First dress—Coloured gown, apron, red cloak, and gipsy hat. Second ditto—Plain white muslin.

MARTHA,

Neat coloured gown, &c.

PHŒBE WHITEHORN,

Same as Charles Williams.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Captain Beauguard</i> - - -	Mr. J. Smith.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Deputy Bull</i> - - - - -	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Looney Mactwoller</i> - - -	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Tokely.
<i>John Lump</i> - - - - -	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Caleb Quotem</i> - - - - -	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Charles Williams</i> - - - -	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. King.
<i>Serjeant Higginbotham</i> -	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Dubbs</i> - - - - -	Mr. Chatterley.	Mr. Faucit.
 <i>Grace Gaylove</i> - - - - -	 Mrs. Orger.	 Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Lucy</i> - - - - -	Mrs. Bland.	Mrs. Liston.
<i>Martha</i> - - - - -	Miss Carr.	Mrs. Whitmore.
<i>Phæbe Whitehorn</i> - - - -	Miss Kelly.	Miss Beaumont.

THE REVIEW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Windsor Camp.—Sun rising.*

SERJEANT and SOLDIERS *discovered, picturesquely grouped, before the tents.*

A MEDLEY.

*When the lark, in ether singing,
Tunes his matins to the skies,
Briskly, from a straw-bed springing,
Jolly soldiers rise.*

*While here, in camp, we lie,
Dull sorrow we defy ;
No care can damp our joys ;
We're merry English boys !*

*Oh, when the gay Reveillez sounds,
From earth's fresh lap the soldier bounds :
Then, rub a dub a dub the drummer goes :
And toota toota too the fifer blows.*

*We are soldiers of Britain; we revel and sing;
We are staunch in the cause of our country and king.*

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.

Beau. Serjeant !

Serj. Here, noble captain !

Beau. Well said, Serjeant Higginbottom!—now send the young volunteer to me, who entered last night.

Serj. Harry Bloomly, captain?

Beau. The same.—And hearkye, serjeant,—should the pretty little gipsy girl, that came to my tent, yesterday, want to speak with me, be sure to see her safe, and quietly, through the lines.

Serj. Ahem!—Let me alone, your honour! (*Archly.*)

Beau. Nay, nay, no soldier's jokes, now, master serjeant.—I have particular reasons that this girl, whatever she may seem, may pass unmolested by our men.

Serj. Never fear, captain!—though a petticoat may be a little patched, a soldier loves it too well to insult the wearer of it. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Beau. This gipsy disguise of Lucy's, to make her avoid notice, in the camp, I fear renders her more conspicuous. She had better, I believe, come with her despatches, from my fair little quaker, of Windsor, in her real character of chambermaid.—Oh! here she is.

Enter LUCY, L.H.U.E. disguised as a gipsy.

Lucy. Captain Beauguard!

Beau. Ah!—my little Lucy!

*"Disguised, among the Greeks, from tent to tent,
In tatters, thus the Paphian goddess went."*

Lucy. You soldier fellows are devils. They gave me no less than eight kisses, as I came along;—for I counted them.

Beau. Keep a fair reckoning, Lucy. (*Kisses her.*)

Lucy. That makes nine.—There's luck in odd numbers, they say.—Let me look at your palm, captain, and I'll tell your fortune.

Beau. I must cross your hand first, Lucy.

(*Gives her money.*)

Lucy. Gold!—thank you, captain!—I wish you were a general.—Here's a line,—(*Looking at his hand*)—that tells me you will change your quarters, in half an hour.

Beau. That's a lying line, I believe, Lucy.

Lucy. Never trust the stars, then:—for your fate decrees,

—but, I must give it you in high-sounding language ;—for the fates are pompous.

*Captain, you must to Windsor town repair;
Where I, for you, this summer day, have hired
A neat first floor, at one pound one, per week.*

Beau. For the better carrying on our plans, I suppose :—but explain.

Lucy. Mr. Deputy Bull, my master, grows very suspicious of his ward ;—the merry young quaker, my mistress.

Beau. My mistress, you mean Lucy.

Lucy. My coming here, day after day, will be discovered ; so I have hired lodgings for you, in the town of Windsor, here,—where we may have easier communication.

Beau. Who is my landlord ?

Lucy. The parish clerk ;—Caleb Quotem.

Beau. Damn that fellow !—he is the laugh of all Windsor. He has more trades than hairs in his wig ;—and more tongue than trades.—He'll talk me to death.

Lucy. But the parish clerk, captain, is the readiest road for you to the parson.

Beau. Well,—I know his house.

Lucy. Go there, then, immediately.—We are in a strange state, at Mr. Deputy Bull's.—Every hour may bring something new ;—and I may have occasion to give you intelligence in the course of the day.

Beau. I'll prepare, directly.—How shall I get you through the lines ?

Lucy. Leave that to me ;—I'll cant my way, in the true gipsy style :—only hear me.

SONG.—Lucy.

*A poor little gipsy, I wander forlorn ;
My fortune was told long before I was born ;—
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,
And, in search of my lover, I'm lost on my way ;—
Spare a halfpenny,
Spare a poor little gipsy a halfpenny !*

*I fear from this line, you have been a sad man,
And, to harm us poor girls, have form'd many a plan;
But beware lest repentance, too late, cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain ;—
Spare a halfpenny, &c. [Exit, L.H.U.E.*

Beau. I must now prepare for my new lodgings.—Oh, here comes Harry Bloomly.

Enter PHOEBE WHITEHORN, L.H. dressed as a soldier.

So, my young fellow!—you are equipped, I see; a smart stripling enough, in your regimentals.

Phœ. The men say I don't look amiss in them, captain.

Beau. As you applied to me last night, when you came to the camp, I had a curiosity to see you this morning. How came you to enlist?

Phœ. To serve his majesty, captain; and help to give his enemies a drubbing.

Beau. Bravely spoken!—but you begin early, youngster;—before you have any symptoms of beard upon your chin.

Phœ. Oh, captain, I found it would be a very tedious time if I waited for that. Pray, captain, if I may make so bold, isn't one Charles Williams in your regiment?

Beau. He attends on me.

Phœ. (*Eagerly.*) Does he, indeed!

Beau. And is one of the handiest fellows in the ranks.

Phœ. And one of the handsomest, I'm sure, captain.

Beau. Do you know any thing of him?

Phœ. Yes—no—I—that is—I know he is a Shropshire lad, and born in the same parish with me.

Beau. Then you are acquainted, it seems.

Phœ. Oh, no;—not at all acquainted;—only, we were very intimate, to be sure;—and——

Beau. Not acquainted, but very intimate!—There is something very suspicious in this account, youngster. I trust, Williams is honest;—but, I shall examine him myself.

Phœ. O, dear, your honour!—I wouldn't have him come to harm, on my account, for the world. He is one of the truest-hearted, constant——

Beau. Constant!

Phæ. (*Confused.*) Lud ! what have I said !

Beau. Do let me look at you again. A woman, by this light !—(*Aside.*)—I tell you what, child ;—there is a particular something about you, that convinces me you are as tight a little Shropshire lass as ever danced round the Wrekin.

Phæ. Pray, pray, your honour, don't betray me ! But you are the very deuce at finding out a particular something about a woman, that's the truth on't.

Beau. What's your name ?

Phæ. Phœbe Whitehorn, sir.

Beau. So—love for Williams, I see, has made a soldier of you, my pretty Phœbe.

Phæ. Sure enough, and so it has. If ever a witch wore a red coat, your honour is one, I'll be sworn.

Beau. But, why do you follow a man, my poor girl, who has deserted you ?

Phæ. He's no deserter, your honour. He's as true to his love, as to his king :—but, when his father died, last Christmas, without a penny, and I was poor too, what could be done, your honour !—If we had married, twenty to one, we should have had a family ; and then, how could we support them, you know ?

Beau. Very naturally reasoned, indeed !

Phæ. And, so, your honour, poor Charles enlisted ; and bid me good bye, till he could make a fortune, and come back to me ;—but, when he was gone, I thought it would be long before my Charles would be made a general, and grow rich ; so I determined to follow him ;—and having a little good news to tell him, he little dreams of, I came, and—here I am, your honour.

Beau. Well, well, child, keep quiet for a short time. It is not usual to enlist women, indeed ;—but, one way or other, I will undertake your fortunes. Go to your post, and be cautious.

Phæ. Oh, never fear, captain !—You have given me such spirits, that I shall pass for a merry little soldier.—They shan't discover me, I warrant you, captain.

SONG.—PHŒBE.

*A tight little soldier, I'll swagger away,
And threaten the foes of Old England to drub ;
I'll rise for parade, by the break of the day,
When roused by the sound of a rub a dub, dub.*

*In camp, I'll be merry ; and, each afternoon,
When duty is over, and nothing to do,
I'll cry, little fifer, come strike up a tune,
And jig it away to his toot a toot, too.*

*To be clean, on the march, will be always my pride ;
My spatterdash neat, and my hair in a club ;—
And if my dear lover should march by my side,
My heart will beat quick to the rub a dub, dub.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of Mr. Deputy Bull, at Windsor.*

Enter DEPUTY BULL and GRACE GAYLOVE, L.H.

Bull. Suppose I did sell a few figs, upon Ludgate Hill, why must you be quizzing my origin ?

Grace. I quiz thee not, friend Bull ; though thou didst deal in grocery.

Bull. Grocery be damn'd !—An't I, now, Mr. Deputy Bull, of Portsoken Ward—with my carriage—and country house, here, at Windsor—all in taste ?—I retire here for fresh air, and you slap tea, and treacle, in my chops. Didn't Obadiah Gaylove, your father, on his death-bed, make you my ward ?

Grace. Yea ;—being then exceeding weak, he appointed thee my guardian.

Bull. Then you should mind what I say ;—and I say, Grace Gaylove, you don't go to the Review, to-morrow.

Grace. Verily, Bull, the truth is not in thee ;—for I will

behold the men of war perform their exercise;—and, at night, when the youths and maidens do assemble, to the sound of minstrelsy,——

Bull. Well, what then?

Grace. Then reels, and jigs, will I dance.

Bull. A pretty quaker you are, to be dancing reels, and jigs, at a ball!—This mad Captain Beauguard has bewitched you.

Grace. That same Beauguard saved my life, friend Bull. When the pleasure-barge did overset, at Datchet, he sprang from the shore, and plucked me from the waters.

Bull. And left me sticking in a mud-hole, and be damn'd to him,—with my legs jammed into an eel-basket. If I hadn't caught hold of Neptune's pitch-fork, at the end of the boat, I should have gone to the bottom, like a lump of sugar, in a tea-cup.

Grace. Ha, ha!—when I beheld thee, dripping, without thy periwig, thou didst remind me of an old weasel, on its hinder legs.

Bull. Upon my soul, I am very much obliged to you, madam Grace!—This captain, and your tumble in the Thames, have plaguily unstarched your manners.

Grace. Yea;—after my fall in the waters, I became a wet quaker.

Bull. Well,—wet or dry, get you up to your chamber.

Grace. Yea;—hum.

Bull. And you'll promise me never to think of this Beauguard again.

Grace. Nay;—hum.

Bull. Damn me, if you shall hum me. I wish I had never heard of such a thing as a soldier.

Grace. Then, friend Bull, thou hadst never made thy fortune by figs!—for, a soldier is the protector of commerce, and claimeth the tradesman's respect and gratitude.—He; also, protecteth the fair, and a soldier findeth favour in my eye.—Thou understandest me;—hum!—(Archly.)

[Exit, R.H.]

Bull. Oh yes, I do understand you. That's as much as to say, I have twenty thousand pounds, when I come of age, and I'll follow my own inclinations.

Enter MARTHA, L.H.

Mar. Here's a man, sir, come after the footman's place.

Bull. I hope he is civiller than the last fellow.—Does he look modest ?

Mar. Oh, yes, sir ;—he's an Irishman.

Bull. Well, we are used to them in the Bull family.—Let me see him.—[*Exit Martha, L.H.*]
—I hope I shall be able to keep a servant, at last. They are all so confounded saucy to me, because I have been a grocer.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H. with a hay-fork on his shoulder.

Bull. So you want a place.

Looney. You may say that, with your own ugly mouth.

Bull. My ugly mouth !—you have been in service before ?

Looney. Does a duck swim ?

Bull. Who have you lived with ?

Looney. I lived with the Mactwolters', nineteen years ;—and, then, they turned me off.

Bull. The Mactwolters' !—Why did they turn you off ?

Looney. They went dead.

Bull. That's an awkward way of discharging a servant.—Who were they ?

Looney. My own beautiful father, and most beautiful mother. They died of a whiskey fever ;—and left myself, Looney Mactwolter, heir to their estate.

Bull. They had then an estate, it seems.

Looney. Yes ; they had a pig.

Bull. Umph !—But they died, you say, when you were nineteen. What have you been doing ever since ?

Looney. I'm a physicianer.

Bull. The devil you are !

Looney. Yes ;—I'm a cow-doctor.

Bull. And what brought you here ?

Looney. Hay-making.—Look,—this is a fork.

Bull. Well, I see that.

Looney. Hire me ;—then I'll have a knife to it ;—and prettily I'll toss about your beef, Mr. Bull.

Bull. I don't doubt you. This fellow would ram a cart load of chuck-steaks down his throat, with a paving-rod.—What can you do, as a footman ?—Can you clean plate ?

Looney. Clean a plate ? Botheration, man, would you hire me for your kitchen-maid ! I can dirty one, with any body in the parish.

Bull. Do you think, now, Looney, you could contrive to beat a coat ?

Looney. Faith can I, —in the Connaught fashion.

Bull. How's that ?

Looney. With a man in it.—Och, let me alone for dusting your ould jacket, Mr. Bull !

Bull. The devil dust you, I say !

Looney. Be aisy, and I'll warrant, we'll agree.—Give me what I ax, and we'll never tumble out about the wages.

Enter MARTHA, L.H.

Mar. Here's another man—come after the place, I believe, sir.

Bull. Another man ?—(*Crosses to centre.*)—let me see him.

[*Exit Martha, L.H.*

Looney. Faith, now, you'll bother yourself betwixt us.—You'll be like a cat in a tripe-shop, and not know where to choose.

Enter LUMP, L.H.

Lump. Be you Mr. Bull, zur.

Bull. Yes ;—I am the Deputy.

Lump. Oh ! if you are na' but the deputy, I'll bide here, till I see Mr. Bull himsen.

Bull. Blockhead !—I am himself ;—Mr. Deputy Bull.

Looney. Arrah, can't you see man, that this ugly ould gentleman is himself ?

Bull. Hold your tongue.—What's your name ?

Lump. John Lump.

Bull. And what do you want, John Lump ?

Lump. Why, I'se comed here, zur,—but as we be upon a bit o'business, I'll let you hear the long and the short on't.

(*Draws a chair and sits down.*)—I'se comed here, zur, to hire mysen for your sarvant.

Bull. Ha,—but you don't expect, I perceive, to have any standing wages.

Looney. (*Drawing a chair, and sitting down on the other side of Bull.*) Aren't you a pretty spalpeen, now, to squat yourself down there, in the presence of Mr. Deputy Bull?

Bull. Now, here's a couple of scoundrels!

Looney. Don't be in a passion with him!—Mind how I'll larn him politeness.

Bull. Get up, directly, you villain, or——

Looney. (*Complimenting.*) Not before Mr. Lump. See how I'll give him the polish.

Bull. If you don't get up, directly, I'll squeeze your heads together, like two figs in a jar.

Lump. (*Rising.*) Oh, then it be unmannerly for a foot-man to rest himsen, I suppose.

Looney. (*Rising.*) To be sure it is.—No servant has the bad manners to sit before his master, but the coachman.

Lump. I ax your pardon, zur.—I'se na' but a poor Yorkshire lad, travelled up from Doncaster races. I'se simple, zur, but I'se willing to larn.

Bull. Simple, and willing to learn?—two qualities, master Lump, which will answer my purpose.

(*Lump retires up the stage.*)

Looney. Mind what you're after going to do, Mr. Deputy Bull. If you hire this fellow, from the Donkey races, when Looney Mactwolter is at your elbow, I'll make free to say you're making a complete Judy of yourself.

Bull. You do make free with a vengeance! Now, I'll make free to say, get you out of my house, you damn'd impudent cow-doctor!

Looney. You're no scholar, or you'd larn how to bemean yourself, to a physicianer.—Arrah; isn't a cow-doctor as good as you, you ould figman?

Bull. Old figman?—This rascal, too, quizzing my origin! —Get down stairs, or——

Looney. Don't come over me with the pride of your staircase; for hadn't my father a comfortable ladder to go up and down stairs with?—To the devil I pitch you, Mr. Deputy Bull.—Take Mr. Lump into your dirty service; and,

next time I'm after meeting him, I'll thump Mr. Lump, or Mr. Lump shall thump Mr. Looney Mactwolter. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Bull. That Irish bog-trotter has no more shame——

Lump. (R.H.) Noa, zur—he ben't sheamful at all;—but, zur, you'll find I a very sheamful sarvant.

Bull. Then, look ye, John Lump. You shall have the same wages as my last footman: and, if you are a very faithful lad, I'll give you a French half-crown, for a Christmas-box.

Lump. Thank ye, zur;—thank ye, if it was but five shillings.

Bull. Now, you must know, John, I have a ward. You never saw my ward?

Lump. Noa, zur.—I seed one, once, in York hospital.

Bull. 'Pshaw! you blockhead! this is a young lady. I must employ you to watch her, day and night. She is now in her chamber.

Lump. Then she and I be to sleep in the same room, I suppose, zur.

Bull. Nonsense!—but come to my apartment in a quarter of an hour; and I'll explain all. (*Going.*)

Lump. Zur!

Bull. Well?

Lump. Good bye, till I zee ye again, zur.

Bull. 'Pshaw! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE, R.H.U.E.

Grace. If this man be hired, him will I suborn, to circumvent my guardian.—Friend! (*Tapping him on the shoulder.*)

Lump. Eh?

Grace. Art thou the new serving man?

Lump. Yees.

Grace. Dost thou love mammon?

Lump. Noa—I loves Dolly Duggins.—She and I kept company.

Grace. He is simple, and understandeth not parables. I will commune with him in a language all ranks comprehend.—Friend, here is a guinea for thee.

Lump. Is there, by gum!—

Grace. Take it.

Lump. I wool.

Grace. Cheat thy master, and serve me.

Lump. I wool.

Grace. Dost think thou canst trick him well?

Lump. Yees.—I'se Yorkshire.

Grace. Follow me.—Thou comest north, and needest few tricking instructions. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Lump. Well, I'll be shot if that bee'nt a pratty woman for a quaker, as ever I seed!—Ecod, it is a guinea, sure enough. Well, come, that's not so much amiss for a beginning like. Ha! ha ha! ecod, I've a comical thought com'd into my head.—Damme, if I don't think 'at that woman's fall'd in love wi' me.—Well, I shouldn't wonder, for I know I'm pratty.—O, yes! I am quite satisfied about that. He! he! he! dang me, if I don't think she wants to be call'd Mrs. Lump:—but I'll go after her, and ax her about it; for far more unlikelier ships have com'd into harbour than this; and so I'll— [*Exit*, R.H. chuckling.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in Windsor, with a view of Windsor Castle.*—*Quotem's House*, L.H.U.E.

(*Over the door of Quotem's house, is a board, inscribed—“Caleb Quotem, Auctioneer, Plumber, Glazier, Engraver, Apothecary, Schoolmaster, Watch-maker, Sign-painter, &c. &c.”*)

“*N.B.—This is the Parish Clerk's.—I cure Agues, and teach the Use of the Globes.*”

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.

Beau. This is the house. Now then, for the lodgings Lucy has provided for me.—I dread the tongue of my landlord. The very board against his wall, says more than any of his neighbours. (*Going to the door.*)

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, R.H.

Looney. That Deputy Bull is the biggest beast in this parish, whatever's the next. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Beau. Bull ! zounds, my little quaker's guardian !—What do you know of Deputy Bull, pray ?

Looney. I know a donkey driver is his wallet-de-sham, because he can't see I'm the dandy.

Beau. You are a servant he has discharged, I suppose.

Looney. Indeed, and he did that thing ; he turned off Looney Mactwelter before he hired him. It wasn't genteel ; —and now he has got a Lump.

Beau. A Lump !—what's that ?

Looney. Why, sure, and isn't it a footman ?—I'll be even with ould Bull, before he can say dumplings.

Beau. As I must probably carry off my mistress from the Deputy's, a stout fellow or two about me, may be necessary. This Irishman—(*Aside.*)—Friend, what say you to serving me ?—I give good pay, and good eating.

Looney. By my soul, then, you have a good character, and I'll hire you for my master.

Beau. Come to me in this house :—I'll give you employment.

[*Exit, into Quotem's house, L.H.S.E.*]

Looney. Och, then, good luck to me !—I'm a captain's footman :—so now I've got rank in the army. Ould Bull, the treacle-man, may be choaked with a big fig.—I shall eat shoulder of mutton, like an ostrich. [*Exit into house, L.H.S.E.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in Quotem's house.*

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, L.H.

Beau. Considering I can only come here, from the camp, occasionally, I shall have a tolerable house-full of attendants.—Let me see.—Charles Williams I have ordered here, to wait on me ;—and little Phoebe Whitehorn, that I may bring the lovers together.—Then there's the Irishman, and——

Quo. (*Without, L.H.*) Oh ! very well—very well ;—I'll wait on the captain, directly.

Beau. Who have we here ?—Oh, my bore of a landlord, I suppose.

Enter QUOTEM, L.H.

Quo. Captain, your most obedient.

Beau. Yours, sir.

Quo. My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem, at your service. My father was well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says—sexton and crier here, thirty years and upwards. By trade a plumber and glazier, to which I have added many others, as auctioneer, school-master, engraver, watch-maker, sign-painter, &c. &c. Talking of signs, puts me in mind of the Zodiac.—You must know, I am allowed to possess some knowledge of the sciences, globes, terrestrial and celestial, telescopes, and household furniture;—understand all sorts of fixtures, magnets, marble slabs, polar stars, and corner cupboards.

Beau. Damn the fellow!—he has travelled over both hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard! But pray, what may your business be with me, sir?

Quo. My business is that of my father's, as Shakspeare says; but my reason for attending you is—talking of reason, puts me in mind of the man in Bedlam, who swore all mankind were mad; for they had locked him up, and he could not divine the cause; now this man, as the poet says, had “cool reason on his side.” Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am beside myself—that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am “your humble servant,” as Dryden says.

Beau. A mighty expressive sentence truly, Mr. Quotem.

Quo. Captain, I shall be happy to serve you on all occasions.—I can make or mend pumps, or windows, paint cupboards, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses—in short, (as a great author says) “I’m up to every thing.” Talking of every thing, I write ballads and epitaphs, cut tomb-stones, and sell coffin furniture—shall be glad to serve you with any of the last articles at the lowest price, as the poet says.

Beau. I hope I sha’n’t trouble you for any of the latter articles soon, Mr. Quotem;—your town of Windsor is very wholesome.

Quo. The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says. Yet, somehow or other, people drop away very speedily.

Beau. Why you seem the very picture of health.

Quo. That is chiefly owing to a part of my profession—or rather my father’s profession, at which I always assist.

Beau. What's that?

Quo. Grave making, turning up the fresh earth you know is healthy employ.—I should like to dig your grave. Talking of grave-making, puts me in mind of physic;—do you know I dabble a little in that way?

Beau. Indeed!

Quo. When none of the faculty are on the spot, neighbours call me in, being very near several patients—my house—church-yard.

Beau. Church-yard! Oh! very near your patients, I dare say.

Quo. Ha! ha! come, that's a good one—as man and boy, concerned in every thing, flimsy affairs, and weighty matters. How do you think I employ my hours? A day now, a summer's day, as Milton says.

Beau. I can't guess, indeed.

Quo. Morning, rise at five—father not up—run to church—ring bell—back to school—look over big boy's accounts—teach children catechism—breakfast at eight—swallow muffins—play tune—German flute, or fiddle—fright jack-daws from chickens—church-yard—dig graves till ten—run to penfold—advertize strayed cattle—make out registers, marriage banns and certificates, till eleven—home—scold wife—put on fire—away I go—round for prayers—help curate on with surplice—run to school—whip boy's bottoms—back time enough to cry *Amen*.—Thus passes my forenoon, as Congreve says.

Beau. Forenoon! Zounds man, you've done a day's work already.

Quo. Talking of work—dine at one—go into shop—pound rosin or rhubarb—same mortar—mix up balls of putty—box of pills—pint of paint—dose of jallup—mend sash or side-board—repair sun—change moon—blot out seven stars—squint at time-piece—put new wheel to watch, and weight to kitchen clock—sand to hour-glass—main spring to watch, or sucker to pump. Thus passes my time till four—burying, perhaps—never out of the way—boys toll bells—at hand to chime in—assist in the service—anthem from Job, "Dust to dust"—go home and play at blindman's buff with boys till six.

Beau. What a devil of a fellow is this!

Quo. Don't interrupt me, captain.

Beau. Well then at six?

Quo. At six, as the poet says, attend at the great room—
auctioneer—knock down household goods—going, going,
gone!—to my shop—cut tomb-stones—write epitaphs, to
amuse myself—set 'em to music—feed hogs—coop hens—
drive ducks from the pond—sunset—night comes on—shut
up shop, school, and vestry—night curfew—go home—
chimney corner—call my wife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke
pipe—quaff—crack joke—laugh—lie down—or, to make
out time, “Wind up the clock,” as Yorick says. Thus
ends the history of a day.

Beau. Thank heaven his day is done, as the poet says—
and here comes one to prevent his beginning another.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.

Looney. Pray, now, is my new master's name Captain
Blackguard?

Beau. Beauguard, you blockhead!

Looney. Then there's a little hop-o'-my-thumb soldier,
been axing after you in the passage.

Beau. That's Phœbe, I suppose.—(*Aside.*)—What have
you done with him?

Looney. I took him under my arm, and pitched him down
in the landing place, to be ready for you.—Here he comes ;
faith, he's a tasty cock-sparrow.

Enter PHŒBE, L.H.

Beau. Well, my young volunteer.

Phœ. I came according to your honour's order.

Beau. True ; you must remain here for a time ;—I'll an-
swer for your being from camp ;—I have something to settle
for you here, where your presence will be necessary.

Phœ. Mustn't I attend the Review to-morrow, captain?

Beau. You shall know that in the morning.

[*Exit Phœbe, L.H.*

Quo. The Review ! why all the world will be there. Great
celebrations to-night, on the occasion, at our club.—All the

singers practising below in my parlour.—I teach 'em to troll;—that's another of my trades.—Do have 'em up, captain!

Beau. There's no getting rid of this fellow, I perceive.—Any thing you please, Mr. Quotem.

Quo. (*Calling off, L.H.*) Here, neighbours! neighbours!—Here they come; merry rogues all, captain.

Enter VILLAGERS, L.H.

Now, fire away! as the poet says.

FINALE.

GLEE.—(OLD WORDS.)

*Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate :
Let us, guests, enjoy the treat;
Nor, like silly mortals, pass
Life, as 'twere but half a glass.
Let this scene with joy be crown'd;
Let the glee and catch go round;
All the sweets of life combine,
Mirth, and music, love and wine.*

(*Front drop closes them in.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment in Quotem's House.*

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.

Looney. I wish my new master would make a small parcel of haste, with this letter I'm to carry to the quaking lady, at ould Bull's. Faith, now, he's no green-horn to employ myself, Looney Mactwolter. I'm at home in a love affair, like a flea in a blanket. Love!—O, Judy O'Flan-

nikin! you are at Balruddery; but, to be sure, I didn't bother your alabaster heart. — *(Kneels.)*

Cupid, thou sand-blind god, pray look at me;
I am your humble sarvant to command,
Looney Mactwolter!

SONG.—LOONEY.

*Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin;
Smack on my heart, he hit me a polter,
Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!
Dearly she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.
Judy's a darling; my kisses she suffers;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer;
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
Oh, whack, &c.*

*Oh, hone! good news! need a bit!
We'd correspond, but larning would choak her.
Mavrone!—I cannot read a bit;
Judy can't tell a pen from a poker.
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's as true as the moon;—
Only one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-back shoemaker;
Oh, she's smart!
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.
Oh, whack, &c.*

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, R.H.

Beau. Looney!
Looney. That's myself.

Beau. I ordered a carriage—is it come?

Looney. There's a chariot yonder, sure enough; only it has never a box, and the coachman rides one of the horses.

Beau. A post-chaise, you blockhead!—Order the post-boy to drive to the back gate of Mr. Bull's garden;—and here,—here's a letter;—'tis for Miss Grace Gaylove;—it must be delivered with secrecy, now, Looney;—and—

Looney. Be aisy;—I'm as dumb as the parish-clerk of Killarney.

Beau. Is he dumb, then?

Looney. You may say that. They've hanged him for stealing the church buckets.

Beau. This fellow, I fear, will make some blunder:—but, Lucy will be upon the watch, as we have agreed. Now, mind, Looney:—you will find a person waiting for you, on the outside of the garden gate;—to that person give this letter;—then loiter about, till you are joined by Miss Gaylove, and her maid. Conduct them to the post-chaise; then come with them to the advanced guard of the camp, where you will find me.

Looney. I'll do that:—but will that bit of a machine, think you, hold three of us?

Beau. Why, you booby, you must go on the outside.

Looney. Och, with all my heart and soul, if it makes no odds to the ladies. The post-driver rides but one horse, you know, so I can sit, cheek by jowl, with him, on the other.

Beau. Zounds! get along; and come with the chaise as you will.

Looney. Let me alone for that.—(*Going.*)—Who knows, now, but I'll be after meeting Mr. Lump, at ould Bull's—If I do—Lump's head, and Looney Mactwolter's fist, may see which is the softest. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Beau. My little quaker was to have sent me a line, this morning, to further our operations. Some prevention, I suppose, at the Deputy's. My letter, by Looney, and the post-chaise, will, I trust, make every thing proceed glibly.

Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS, L.H.

Beau. Now, Williams, what news from the camp?

Will. His majesty will be upon the ground at one, your honour.

Beau. I shall be there in time for my duty; and you must follow me, you know. You must be upon the watch, when all is done, to assist in the business I mentioned.

Will. I shall take care, your honour. Is the young lady to be there, then?

Beau. All is arranged. I have just sent a messenger to conduct her to the spot;—and, when the review is over, we must move quietly off, through the crowd, to the next village, without beat of drum, and steal a march upon matrimony.

Will. I wish you joy, from the bottom of my soul, your honour. Ah! captain, 'tis a happy lot to gain the woman we love.

Beau. Why, you have a devilish melancholy way of wishing a man joy, Williams. You have lost the woman you love, perhaps.

Will. I, your honour?—Oh, 'tisn't for a poor fellow, like me, to think about marriage.

Beau. Should you think of it, then, if you were richer?

Will. Should I?—Ah, your honour!

Beau. O, ho;—I perceive. So, you only want to make up a purse, that you may quit the army, for the lass of your fancy.

Will. No, your honour; I love the army:—and, if I should chance to make a little money in it, I wouldn't be so ungrateful to leave it, as long as my king and country wanted my service. But, should accident put a few guineas in my pocket, I would petition your honour to get me a short leave of absence.

Beau. For what reason, Williams?

Will. Why, then I would take a journey, on foot, into Shropshire, your honour; that I might pour my little fortune into the lap of a poor girl, who was to have married me, in my better days,—and whose heart is constant, now my prospects are changed.

Beau. Poor fellow!—But don't be down-hearted, Williams. A soldier, my lad, should never despair. Who knows what may happen?—Who knows, now, Williams, but little Phoebe Whitehorn may be yours at last?

Will. Phœbe!—why—what, then, does your honour know that—why, could—

Beau. Nay, nay, don't be surprised that an officer knows more of his men than they are aware of. But, follow me soon to the camp—(*Crosses to L.H.*)—Wait here, however, a few minutes. I have a person to send to you, on a little business, that you must bring with you to me. And, remember, Williams, hope and success, should be the English soldier's motto. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Will. What does his honour mean? How can he have heard of Phœbe? And he went away smiling;—to see me so uneasy, about what he may call a trifle. He doesn't know how many a night I have lain awake, in my tent, with a breaking heart, to think my poor Phœbe may be without a friend to shelter her. Heigho!—perhaps, I shall never hear her voice again.

Enter PHŒBE WHITEHORN, L.H.

Phœ. Charles!

Will. Eh!—no—yes—why, sure, it can't be!

Phœ. Have you forgot me, Charles!

Will. Is it possible!—Phœbe!—(*Embracing.*)—Forgot you!—Oh, no!—but—how—why—why have you come here, Phœbe?

Phœ. Why, because *you* have come here, Charles.—I couldn't, for my life, bear to stay away any longer.

Will. My dear Phœbe!—But in this dress, too!—

Phœ. This dress?—Oh, that's because I'm enlisted.

Will. Enlisted!

Phœ. Yes;—I'm a volunteer. But the captain found me out, yesterday. It made me so ashamed at first!—for, I thought nobody should be able to tell if I was a woman, but you, Charles.

Will. Phœbe, you frighten me!—To see you in such a place as a camp!—disguised too;—exposed to the rudeness of our men;—and what have we to hope for, Phœbe?—So poor as we are, you know, it isn't possible that—

Phœ. Oh, never you frighten yourself about that, Charles. I have some news, from our village, that will make your dear heart jump again.

Will. Indeed! What is it, Phœbe?

Phœ. Why, last week, as I was crying before Farmer Sourby's gate,—for he had just turned me out, because, he said, I was mopish, and could do no work—

Will. Damn him!

Phœ. Dear! if you hav'n't learnt to swear, since you have been a soldier, Charles!

Will. Well, Phœbe?

Phœ. Why, there came lawyer Goodwill, all in a hurry;—and he told me that I had got a fortune.

Will. A fortune!

Phœ. As sure as you are there, Charles:—and he said, my old uncle Whitehorn, who went a sea-faring, just as I was born, died in a foreign land; and had left me a good fifty pounds a year, as long as ever I lived, out of the great bank of London. Here's all the papers, Charles;—(*Taking them out of her bosom.*)—I've kept 'em very safe for you;—and 'tis all your's, if it was twenty and twenty times as much.

Will. My dear Phœbe, I——(*Wiping his eyes.*)—I'll speak to you presently.

Phœ. Dear!—what's the matter?

Will. Bless you, Phœbe!—'tis a comfort to my heart to know you have got this money:—and I would sooner be shot for a deserter than take a penny of it.—(*Phœbe bursts into tears.*)—Why, Phœbe!

Phœ. Ah, Charles!—I didn't change with your fortune;—why should you change with mine?

Will. I'd sooner die than change. I only think of your good:—but I mustn't live in idleness, to consume the money you want yourself, Phœbe.

Phœ. I could never have thought you would prove false-hearted at last, Charles!

Will. By all that's true, then, if I could get but a decent competence, by my own industry—

Phœ. You can soon have that, Charles, while you have such a master as his honour, the captain.

Will. His honour is very good to me;—very good to me, to be sure;—but—

Phœ. Lord, I know he's a good soul, because he likes you so much, you know:—and he told me, just as he sent

me into this room, that he'd set you up in the world,
Charles

Will. Indeed!

Phœ. Yes;—he said he was going to be married, to-day;
—and that he'd enable you, if you pleased, to be married
to-morrow. So you know, of course, I told him I was very
much obliged to him.

Will. Did his honour say that? Then, Phœbe, if that's
the case, though I would serve my king, as long as I am
able, we'll never be half a day's march asunder, if I should
fight fifty campaigns.

Phœ. Ah, my dear Charles!—I'm so happy!

Will. And so am I, too, Phœbe!

DUET.—WILLIAMS and PHŒBE.

Will. And will my love contented be
To dwell awhile in camp with me?

Phœ. With you around the world I'd roam,
Nor ever waste a thought on home.

Both. Then, merry round the world we'll go,
While gaily singing nonino.

Will. But, if retiring from the wars,
Grown old, and cover'd with my scars?—

Phœ. Then, sitting by the cottage door,
We'll tell old stories o'er and o'er.

Will. Then I will quaff,

Phœ. And I will sing.

Both. Happy the evening of our life!
The ancient soldier and his wife,
As happy as a queen and king!

Then, merry round, &c.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

Enter CALEB QUOTEM, L.H.

Quo. I'm for the Review!—a joyous day!—Majesty will
be there;—so will Caleb Quotem, the Wag of Windsor.
Business must cease till to-morrow. Sun and moon must stand
still;—strayed cattle must find their own way home—as

many as they can out of the pound, like a bankrupt's shilling. This is holiday!—broken windows, rosin, hens, ducks, rhubarb, kitchen clock, and boys' bottoms, may all go and be damned, as the poet says. Bless me, I'm in spirits!—Dubbs.!

Enter DUBBS, L.H.

Dubbs. Sir!

Quo. Dubbs, my boy, you know I've made you my man.

Dubbs. Yes, sir.

Quo. There's a Review. Every body should make holiday; therefore, my boy Dubbs; you shall do as much work for me to-day as you can.

Dubbs. Thank you, sir.

Quo. I tolled the parish bell this morning. You must ring it again at three. You can pull the rope, Dubbs?

Dubbs. Oh, yes, sir;—you brought me up to it, you know.

Quo. So I did, Dubbs;—you were brought up to a rope, sure enough. I'm a kind master to you. Run with my compliments to the widow Thumpkin;—her husband is dead of a dropsy, and can't keep;—but tell her to-day is a holiday, and I hope it will be agreeable to pop the deceased Mr. Thumpkin into the ground to-morrow.

Dubbs. Won't she be angry, sir?

Quo. Not at all. Dubbs, you're a blockhead! Why, I've every thing here my own way. I rule the roast, as Milton says.

Dubbs. What's to be done with the school-boys, sir?

Quo. Let them do as much mischief as they like. I whipped them all round before breakfast; so, if they get into a scrape, we're quits.

Dubbs. This is a bonfire night; and, I warrant, they'll break half the windows in Windsor.

Quo. So much the better;—I'm a glazier. I deal in putty, as Plutarch says. Look to the house, Dubbs; and the business. If any body asks if I'm coming, say I'm gone;—if any body grumbles at my being gone, say I'm

coming. That's the way great men settle with their creditors. Go, Dubbs.—[*Exit Dubbs, L.H.*].—I shall leave every thing at sixes and sevens. Muggs, the publican, will go mad. I've rubbed out two legs of his Red Lion. He must wait till I can paint fresh ones. No matter; his lion wont run away without legs. Trade must stand still till to-morrow. I must rehearse my song for our club to-night.

SONG.—QUOTEM.

*I'm parish clerk and sexton here,
My name is Caleb Quotem:—
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer;
In short, I am factotem.
I make a watch—I mend the pumps;
For plumber's work my knack is:
I physic sell—I cure the mumps;
I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies.
Geography is my delight;
Ballads—Epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can indite;
Graves I dig, compact and tight.—
At night, by the fire, like a jolly old cock,
When my day's work is done, and all over,—
I tippie, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.
With my amen, gaymen,
Rum Quotem,
Factotum;
Putty and lead;
Stumps, mumps,
Bumps, rumps,
Mortar he thumps;
Joggany, floggany,—
Signy-post daubery,
Split-crow, or strawberry,
Chimery, rhimery,
Liquorish, stickerish,*

Chizzle tomb,
Frizzle tomb,
Going, a-going!
Squills,
Pills,
Song inditing,
Epitaph writing,
Steeple sound,
Corpse to the ground;
Windsor soap,
Physic the Pope;
Home hop,
Shut up shop;
Punch-bowl crockery,
Wind up clockery.
Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis heigho!—for Caleb Quotem, O!
[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The outer wall of Mr. Deputy Bull's garden.*
A garden gate.

Enter LUCY and JOHN LUMP, through the garden gateway.

Lucy. Now, be sure you make no mistakes.

Lump. Noa—I won't.

Lucy. My young lady will never forgive you, if you do.—Here's the letter—"To Captain Beauguard, at Mr. Quotem's."—You know the way. Look at the direction, and—but can you read?

Lump. Yees, zure;—I can read any thing but writing-hand, and print. I say, Mrs. Lucy, ben't all this about love?

Lucy. Psha! what should you know about love?

Lump. It comes so nat'ral to a body.—Mrs. Lucy—hum—doan't you think I am prettyish?

Lucy. Oh, you are a Doncaster angel.

Lump. An angel!—I'll be shot, now, if I ha'n't been

thinking the same of you. You'd make a sweet sign for a public-house.—(*Aside.*)—I'll give her a kiss.

Lucy. Well, now, go on your errand, and—what does the fool stand sniggering there for?

Lump. I won't go till you give I a smack.

Lucy. Take it then.

[*Gives him a box on the ear, and Exit at garden gate.*]

Lump. 'Tware a right good bat of the chops, by gum!

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.

Looney. I wonder who it is I'm to find waiting for this letter, and—by the powers, 'tis Mr. Lump!—Faith, now, I'll give him a neat salutation.

Lump. (*Rubbing his cheek.*) I wouldn't take such a knock on t'other side, for two-pence.

Looney. (*Comes behind Lump, and hits him a box on the ear, then bows.*) How do you do, Mr. Lump?

Lump. Dom thee! what's that for?

(*Going to strike him.*)

Looney. Then would you strike a harmless man, on the king's highway, you house-breaker?—Och, for shame!

Lump. For sheame!—wauns, I'll—

Looney. Take the letter, and hold your gab.

(*Showing a letter, which Lump does not take.*)

Lump. Letter!

Looney. Arrah, and isn't it a letter?—Look at the back. See, 'tis all waxy, like a mealy potatoe. You have been waiting for it, you know. 'Tis for Miss Disgrace Gaylove, from Captain Beauguard, my new master.

Lump. From the captain?—then it saves I a walk. Here be the answer.

(*Gives a letter.*)

Looney. Lump, my honey, none of your blarney!—Don't I know the quaking lady wouldn't hurry herself to answer a letter before she received it;—excepting she wrote express.

Lump. Why, mun, thus donna come by the post!

Looney. Faith, that's true; that makes a big difference. But, let's be sure all's right and tight;—and that this is for my honour's master, the captain.

Lump. Then do you read subscription.

Looney. After you, if you please. I was larned to read by deputy. — *(Offering the letter.)*

Lump. That's the way I was larned too.

Looney. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, man, to be so ignorant?—Fie upon you!—not to know a B, from a bull's foot.—Here, take back the—eh?—by my soul, I've mixed the two billy ducks!—*(Looking at the two letters in his hand.)*—I don't know which is itself.—Then, sure, the father of letters always had twins;—for his four-cornered children are plaguily alike. Mr. Lump!

Lump. Anan?

Looney. Did you ever see a gentleman, in his waistcoat, that rides before the outside of a post-chaise?

Lump. Yees.

Looney. There's one at the corner of this wall;—ax him to misinterpret for us.

Lump. Mayhap, he mayn't be able.

Looney. Thunder and turf, man!—haven't the tickets, at the turnpikes larned him his alphabet. Stop—a thought strikes me on the head.

Lump. Do it?—Dom, I hope it hurts. I have been struck on the head, pretty tightish.

Looney. Never mind;—I'll charge you nothing for that. We are both employed, I take it, to frustificate the schemes of ould Bull.

Lump. Yees; I be a cheating old master. Miss Grease gived I a guinea for it. I loves to be honest to my employer.

Looney. If we trust young leather-brogues there, at the corner of the wall, won't he be after telling of us?

Lump. Zure enough, there's no trusting one as deals in horses. I larned that in Yorkshire.

Looney. Take me into the house, my honey. We'll ax the lady,—or ould Bull,—or any one else,—the meaning of this scribble scabble.

Lump. Done.

Looney. Done. Jacky Lump,—sha'n't we be friends?

Lump. Why, I hates malice.

Looney. That's right. Come, Jacky Lump! we'll make

friends over a sup, my jewel. Steal a mug of your master's beer, and damn the expense.

[*Exeunt, at the garden gate.*]

SCENE III.—*An apartment in Mr. Deputy Bull's house.*

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY, R.H.

Grace. Hast thou sent the man Lump, with the letter I gave thee?

Lucy. Oh, yes, ma'am.

Grace. Think'st thou he will not blunder?

Lucy. Oh, no, ma'am, he is cunning enough.

Grace. True;—knavery has set his hand-mark in that Yorkshireman's face.

Lucy. Yes, ma'am;—but I tried to rub it out, just now, at the garden gate.

Grace. How, Lucy?

Lucy. With my own hand-mark, ma'am; I slapped his face, a saucy devil!

Grace. I wonder Beauguard has not sent. I wrote him that same letter, to prevent mistakes;—but he promised intelligence this morning.

Lucy. 'Tis early yet, ma'am; he'll send, depend upon it.

Grace. Moreover, he talked of a leathern convenience, to take me to the Review;—after which, we were to cheat my guardian, that fusty deputy, and be joined in wedlock.

Bull. (*Without, R.H.*) Lump! John Lump!

Lucy. That's your guardian's voice, ma'am.

Grace. I know it:—for there is none resembling it, in this house, excepting the coachman's raven.

Enter DEPUTY BULL, R.H.

Bull. Damn my new footman, Lump!—I had rather put up with my old one. He was saucy, and stayed at home; this fellow is civil, but he's never to be found. Do you know where he is, Madam Grace?

Grace. Yea.

Bull. Yea!—then, where?

Grace. Tell him, Lucy.—I am a quaker;—but thou art a chambermaid, and may'st lie for me. (*Aside.*)

Lucy. Yes, ma'am.—(*Aside.*)—He's gone to—to—to—feed the ducks, sir.

Bull. Damn the ducks!—I want him to feed me. Why does he waddle off to the pond, when I want my breakfast? This is the Review day; and you've got the fellow out of the house, that you may go a scampering.

Lucy. My mistress doesn't like scampering, I can assure you, sir.

Bull. Doesn't she?—then that's more than I can say of her maid. You broke down my gooseberry-bush, dancing the hay, in the kitchen-garden, with the tall apothecary.

Enter LUMP, and LOONEY following, L.H.

Bull. Oh, you're come at last!—you are plaguy fond of ducks, I should think.

Lump. Yees, zur;—I loves 'em, stuffed with sage and onion, hugely.

Looney. I like 'em with a good potatoe pudding in their belly! (*Retires up the stage.*)

Bull. I'll teach you to go to my pond, you blockhead!—

Lump. Doan't ye trouble yourself, zur;—I knows the way.

Lucy. (*Apart to Lump.*) Have you carried the letter?

Lump. Noa.

Grace. Hast thou been treacherous, then, friend?

Lump. Noa;—I ha'n't been at all.

Bull. What the devil are you all whispering about?—let me know what's the——

Looney. Your servant, Mr. Deputy Bull.

(*Advancing on Bull's R.H. and bowing.*)

Bull. Here's that infernal cow-doctor come again!

Looney. What, and hav'n't I took leave of the cows for the army?

Bull. You in the army!

Looney. Yes;—I brush spatterdashes for a captain.

Bull. Then brush out of my house, as fast as you can.

Looney. I'd scorn to soil your dirty carpet, if I hadn't been bother'd about a bit of a paper;—bacc'se I can't read at this present writing:—but you have made out cheating bill for your shop, you know, and can spell figs.

Bull. Figs!—there again!—Every body quizzes my origin.

Looney. Shut your ugly mouth, and read me the outside kiver of this billy duck. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Bull. Why, what is all this?—(*Reads.*)—"To Miss Grace Gaylove."—(*Opens it.*)—"Beauguard."—So, so!

Looney. Faith, then, I've got the wrong.—Give yours back to the quaking lady, Mr. Lump.

Lump. Yees, (*Offering it to Grace.*)

Bull. (*Snatching it.*) Mr. Lump shall give it to me, if he pleases.

Looney. Why, Mr. Deputy Bull, would you be after robbing the mail?

Bull. (*Reads.*) "To Captain Beauguard."—And in her own hand. Oh, you she-devil of a quaker!

Grace. (*Apart.*) We are betrayed, Lucy!

Lucy. (*Apart.*) Undone, ma'am!—These stupid block-heads!

Bull. Now for it.—(*Reading Beauguard's letter.*)—"Dearest Grace."—Oh, you abominable!—but let me see—Aye—"Grace."—

Looney. Well, you've said Grace. Now fall to, Mr. Deputy Bull.

Bull. (*Reading.*) "I tremble lest the bearer of this should commit a blunder."—

Looney. Faith, now, that's foolish of him, enough!

Bull. (*Reading.*) "You will find a post-chaise waiting for you and Lucy, at the garden wall."

Grace. (*Apart.*) That intelligence sufficeth.

Bull. (*Reading.*) "Lose no time in getting into it:—"

Grace. We will follow thy counsel.

[*Beckons Lucy, and they steal out, L.H.*]

Bull. (*Reading.*) "For should old honey and treacle take the alarm!"—Honey and treacle!

Looney. There's a sweet line!

Lump. He, he!—Why, zur, the captain ha' found out your old trade, sure enough.

Bull. Hold your tongue, you scoundrel.—(*Reads.*)—
 “Take the alarm,—all our plans will miscarry.”—Damn
 me, but they shall miscarry!—Stay where you are, madam;
 till I read the other.—Aye—(*Opening the other letter.*)—
 “Friend Beauguard,—I am prepared to meet thee at the
 camp,—and afterwards to attend thee to the church. I wait
 for news from thee, to elude my foolish guardian!”—Foolish
 guardian!—Not so foolish as you imagine;—but if you
 escape now, I’ll be bound to be called fool as long as I live.
 I’ll teach you to—(*Turning round.*)—Eh!—why, zounds,
 she’s gone!

Looney. Faith she is!—and you must be called fool, as
 long as you live, Mr. Deputy Bull.

Bull. (*Calling.*) Here—run—fly—order the coach.

Looney. A mad bull!—a mad bull!

Bull. The camp!—Damn me, but I’ll be first among the
 ranks;—get the coach, directly, you scoundrel;—and you to
 be in a plot too!—when I promised to reward you at Christ-
 mas, you dog.

Lump. Yees, zo you did, zur.—I hope you’ll be as good
 as your word wi’ me.

Bull. Get out, you rascal, and order the coach, directly.

(*Drives Lump out, L.H.*)

Looney. If you’ve a seat for me, Mr. Deputy Bull, I’m
 after going your road.

Bull. Get out of my house, you cursed hay-making jack-
 et-brushing, cow-physicing, son of a —— (*Driving him*
out.) [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Open country, &c.—View of the camp.—*
Shouts at a distance.

Enter QUOTEM, L.H.

Quo. Bless me! there’s a monstrous throng!—I’ve slipped
 through a crowd of my customers;—damn ’em, I’m even
 with ’em, for they are always slipping away from me.—
 There’s a camp!—the general camp—pioneers and all, as
 the poet says—I like soldiers; they help grave-makers.—
 Only the letting off a gun makes me jump. I must get a

good place. If I could find my lodger, now, the captain, he'd——

Enter CAPTAIN BEAUGUARD, L.H.

Ha!—talk of the devil——Captain, your humble, as I say.

Beau. (*Looking out, and crossing to R.H.*) I see nothing of Looney yet, nor the chaise.

Quo. He doesn't hear me. Captain, your servant.

Beau. That Irishman is as stupid as a post.

Quo. And, I think, you are as deaf as a post. Captain Beauguard, I——

Beau. (*Turning round.*) Oh, Mr. Quotem.—This fellow, at such a moment!—Mr. Quotem, I—I am very busy, here, and you must excuse me. (*Turns from him.*)

Quo. Cuts me, as Chaucer says.—I hope he'll mind me a little more every Saturday, when I come for a week's lodging.—How shall I get a good place without him?—But I'll press and persevere; that's the only way men get places, at present.

Enter CHARLES WILLIAMS and PHŒBE, L.H.

Beau. What intelligence, Williams?

Will. None yet, your honour:—but 'tis full early. All will go well, I warrant.

Beau. It goes well with you, I see. You have brought your companion with you.

Quo. Oh, that's the little cocksparrow soldier I saw at my house.

Phœ. We are so obliged to your honour.

Beau. Nay, no thanks, now, my little Phœbe.

Quo. Phœbe!

Will. Heaven bless you, captain! You have made me happy with the woman of my heart; and I hope to serve his majesty, and your honour, as long as I live.

Quo. A woman!—zounds! the cock sparrow is a hen, as the poet says.—If you could put me into a good place to see the Review, captain— (*Going up to him.*)

Beau. (*Pushing him away.*) Damn it, stand aside!—Yonder she is in the post-chaise, and Lucy with her.

(*Looking out, L.H.*)

Enter GRACE GAYLOVE and LUCY, L.H.

Grace. (*Running to Beauguard.*) Oh, friend Beauguard!—

Beau. What's the matter! you are flurried, my love!

Grace. We are pursued.—My guardian——

Beau. Discovered!—confound him.

Grace. I wish we could;—but will not he confound us?

Lucy. Oh, captain, there's the deuce to pay;—the deputy has found out all;—he's close at our heels, followed by the Irish booby that made the mischief.—Here he comes, as I'm alive!

Beau. Courage!—We can't retreat—so face the enemy, boldly.

Enter DEPUTY BULL, L.H.

Bull. Oh, you stealer of quakers!

Beau. What's the matter, sir!

Bull. Matter, sir! Carries off an heiress, and then asks what's the matter! If there's law to be had—but, come you home directly. (*To Grace.*)

Grace. Nay, friend Bull, I will not. Being in camp, I throw myself under military protection.

Bull. You do?

Lucy. Yes, sir, my mistress and I are, both, under military protection.

Bull. Here's impudence!—but I'll try the power of a guardian. I will, captain; in spite of you, and your myrmidons;—your six-foot grenadiers, and damn'd Irish cow-doctors.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.H.

Looney. Be aisy, Mr. Bull, among the gentlemen soldiers, or you'll see a fig-man tossed in a blanket.

Beau. Look ye, sir, storming will have little effect.—The parties are agreed;—agree quietly with them; or we proceed, in spite of you, and a short time puts us out of your power.

Bull. Why, there's some truth in that. Well, then, I consent.

Grace. And now, friend Bull, thou wilt be no more troubled with a scampering quaker. (*Drums beat without,*)

Beau. Hark ! the drums beat ?—the Review is commencing.

Quo. If you could procure me a place, captain—

Beau. Well, well, I will procure you one.

Quo. There !—perseverance !—It always answers.

Enter VILLAGERS, R.H. and L.H.U.E.

FINALE.

By male and female Villagers, Soldiers, Drummers, and Fifers.

Briskly beat the hollow drum !

Merry see the soldier come !

Pikes and halberts gleaming ;

Colours, gaily streaming.

Troll the martial measure ;

'Tis the soldier's pleasure ;—

Briskly beat the drum !

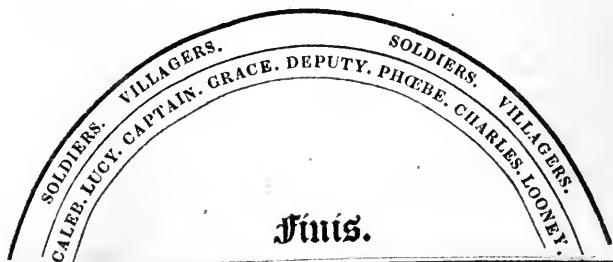
Soldiers know no sorrow ;

We're merry men, on English ground, a ground ;

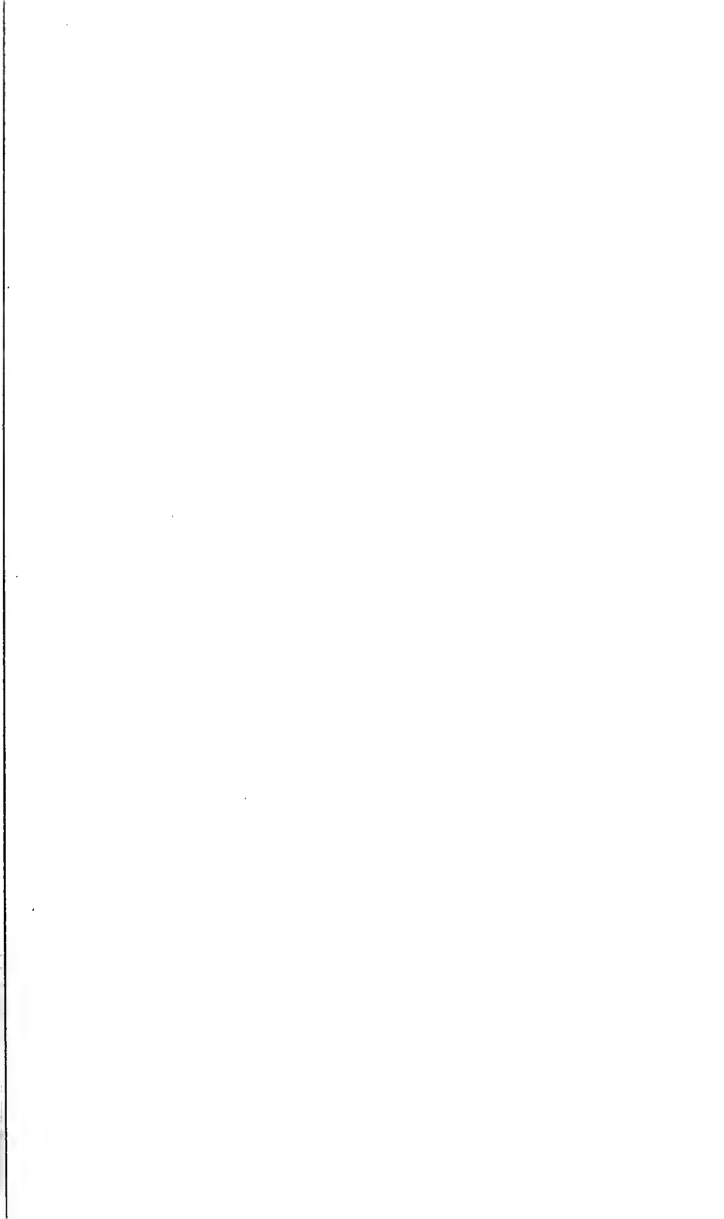
Careless of to-morrow,

We gaily march the country round, a round.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



From the Press of W. Oxberry,
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Colman, George
The review

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